MARVEL COMICS
DEADPOOL:
FUNERAL FOR A
FREAK
MARVEL
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64
Scanned by
Hans Dampf
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AHEM. MAY I HAVE THE ATTENTION OF THE CLASS?
THANK YOU. FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVEN'T DONE THE READING ASSIGNMENT... HERE'S THE RECAP.
I AM DEADPOOL.
AND TO FILL THAT GREAT VOID OF HONOR AND HEROISM LIKE THE REIGN OF THE STUPIDMEN...
...THIS MYSTERIOUS FOURSOME SPONTANEOUSLY FORMED "TEAM DEADPOOL".
BUT IT'S THE HANDSOME BUNCH OVER HERE THAT DESERVES THE REAL CREDIT...
...FOR HELPING ME REMEMBER MY TRUE IDENTITY AFTER MY AMAZING REBIRTH.
WHEN IT REIGNS IT POURS. HEH.
LEAVE THE JOKES TO THE PROS, MORON.
Is it time for my closeup?
BUT ABOUT A WEEK AGO...
...I WAS JUST PLAIN DEAD.
NO PICKLES?
YOU TELL 'IM, BOBO!
BUT ALL OF THAT MEANS NOTHIN, KIDDIES. NOT WHEN YA COMPARE IT TO THE REAL FUN THAT'S ABOUT TO START.
THE REAL FUN BEGINS WHEN I START WHACK-SLAPPIN' AND PRE-SCHOOLIN' MY ONE-TIME NEMESIS AND PERENNIAL PAIN-IN-THE-ASSBROOK, THE MANIACALLY EVIL...

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GEEZ, DEADPOOL, WAS THAT LONGWINDED INTRODUCTION JUST FOR ME?
MAYBE I COULD RETURN THE FAVOR AND PASS SOME LOVE ALONG TO YOU!

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Uhh ... YA KNOW, WHAT? SAVE THE LOVE, T-RAY. I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOU OR THAT GLOWING FIST.
THE VILLAIN HAS ARRIVED!
SHUT UP, YOU POMPOUS IDIOT.
PARDON?
YOU SHOULD BE INTERESTED, YOU WASTE. I'M THE REASON YOU'RE ALIVE.
WAIT, YOU MEAN YOU AND MY DAD--?
MOM? IS THAT YOU?
ALWAYS THE IDIOT. SO PREDICTABLE.
ACTUALLY, WHILE I WAS DEAD I LEARNED A NEW TRICK WITH MY SWORD!
BEND OVER. I'LL SHOW YA.
FRANK TIERI & BUDDY SCALERA writers
JIM CALAFIORE penciler
WONG & McKENNA inkers
COLOR DOJO colorist DAVE SHARPE letterer
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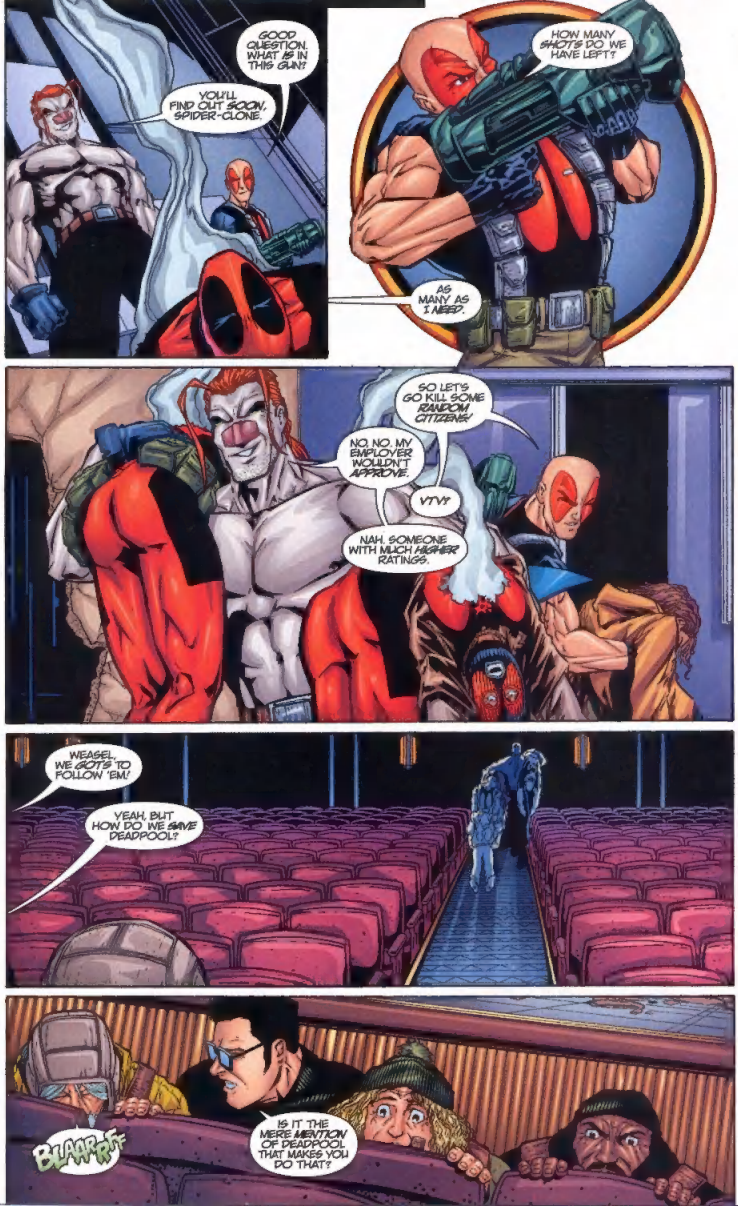
T-RAY, THE LOATHE OF MY LIFE.
AS I LIVE AND BREATHE, NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE YOU AGAIN.
AND I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE YOU LIVE AND BREATHE AGAIN.
WOW, CLEVER COMEBACK.
BUT NOT FUNNY. SORRY. GO BACK TO DUMB. DO NOT COLLECT $200.
SO... HOW WAS THE AFTERLIFE? COLD? LONELY?
ACTUALLY, WARM AND LIVELY. KINDA LIKE YOUR MOM.
SHUT YER TRAP, WILSON!
KISS ME, YOU FOOL!
GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! WE'RE ALL HEROES HERE. PLEASE, LET'S BEHAVE LIKE SOME!
GET RID OF HIM.
OH, COME NOW. I THINK THA--
CHOOM!
URRKK! I THINK I'M ... I'M ...

DEAD!
ONE DOWN...
AIN' TWO TA GO.
Hey, d-dude... what're you doin'? We're on the same t--
--team?
CHOOM!
NO PICKLES?
CHOOM!
NOPE. NO PICKLES.

NOT THAT I EVER WANTED TO BE ON A TEAM...
...BUT YOU KILLED MY TEAMMATES, YOU TRAITOR!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
HEH. YOU CAN'T KILL ME WITH BULLETS.
PING!
SPING!
POINK!
YA NEED ONE OF THESE!
WAUGGH!
CHOOM!
FOR THE LLYVA BLOB! WHAT WAS IN THAT GUN?!?
AND CAN I GET ONE?
THAT WAS ALMOST TOO EASY.
...NOT FROM MY PERSPECTIVE...
BA-DUMP!


GOOD QUESTION. WHAT IS IN THIS GUN?
YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON, SPIDER-CLONE.
HOW MANY SHOTS DO WE HAVE LEFT?
AS MANY AS I NEED.
SO LET'S GO KILL SOME RANDOM CITIZENS!
NO, NO. MY EMPLOYER WOULDN'T APPROVE.
VTVY.
NAH. SOMEONE WITH MUCH HIGHER RATINGS.
WEASEL, WE GOTTA FOLLOW 'EM!
YEAH, BUT HOW DO WE SAVE DEADPOOL?
BLAARF
IS IT THE MERE MENTION OF DEADPOOL THAT MAKES YOU DO THAT?

WE NEED GUNS, LOTS AND LOTS OF GUNS.
YEAH, BUT WHO WE GONNA GET GUNS FROM?
FROM THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE GUNS...
... GRAMMAR SCHOOL KIDS!
SCREECCHH!
OKAY, KIDDIES, DON'T BE SCARED!
HEY, KID. YOU GOT TWINKIES OR ANYTHING? I'M KINDA HUNGRY.
EAT ME, SKANK!
GET 'EM, GANG! THEY'RE ON OUR TURF!
uip
K-KEEP THE TWINKEE!

ARE WE THERE YET?
NO.
ARE WE THERE YET?
NO! SHUT UP!
I HAVEN'T HAD A VIEW THIS BAD SINCE I SAW THE THING STEP OUT OF THE SHOWER.
WILSON, I'M [redacted] TO CHANGE YOUR VIEW OF LIFE PERMANENTLY.
WHEW. IT STINKS BACK HERE!
THIS IS IT. WE'RE HERE.
WHERE'S HEFFY PLAYBOY MANSION? DENNY'S?
IF IT'S DENNY'S LET'S SAY IT'S MY BIRTHDAY, AND I'LL GET A FREE LUNCH.
IF NOT, LET'S GO SOMEWHERE ELSE.
LIKE HOME. HOME IS GOOD.

NO, TODAY IS YOUR DEATH DAY.
Oh.
DO I STILL GET LUNCH?
HEY, E-BAY-- I MEAN T-RAY, YOU GOT A TYPO HERE. THIS SHOULD SAY "CURSED FOR LIFE".
ACTUALLY, GIMME A GUN. I CAN BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF AND THEN, WE CAN ADD YOUR NAME.
DEADPOOL
CURSED WITH LIFE
LEMME RUN HOME AND GET MY TOMBSTONE TYPEWRITER WITH THE CORRECT-A-TAPE AND WE CAN FIX ALL THIS.
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
SIT DOWN, YOU IDIOT.
AAAGHHHH! NOT RIGHT NO MORE!
HEY, THAT SOUNDS LIKE MY VOICE.
WHAT THE HECK IS THAT THING? A TOMBSTONE OR A TELEPHONE?

OH, I GET IT NOW...THIS IS LIKE SOME TWISTED VERSION OF "THIS IS YOUR LIFE"!
MAN, IF THERE WAS EVER "THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY," IT WAS SKYN.
AND THERE'S "THE ONE YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM": DEATH! I'M COMIN', BABY! THROW SHEETS [redacted] THE DEATHBED!
EEK. MY PROGENY, TEAM DEADPOOL. NOT MY BRIGHTEST HOUR.
Ooh, AND THERE'S WEAPON X, THE PAIN-LOVIN' FOLKS WHO MADE ME THE LOVABLE SOCIOPATH I AM TODAY! [redacted] PELLAS!
AND OF COURSE, YOU--MY NEMESIS.
HEY, MR. T--ALWAYS MEANT TO ASK, WHAT'S WITH THAT TAPE OVER YOUR NOSE?

LISTEN, I REALLY LOVED THE SHOW-N-TELL, T-RAY... BUT WHY BOTHER WITH THE WHOLE RETROSPECTIVE SCHMORGASBORG IF YOU'RE JUST GONNA KILL ME, ANYWAY?
QUZ I GOT A JOB TO DO.
RIGHT, RIGHT I KEEP FORGETTING THAT... WELL, AS LUCK HAS IT, I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU!
WOULD YOU MIND CLEANING THE DEADPOOL MOBILE?! IT'S A DISGRACE! I CAN'T EVEN DRIVE IT ANYMORE!
SILENCE, WILSON. THE BOSS GAVE ME THIS GEMINI STAR TO BRING YOU BACK TO HIM.
OH, COME ON. WHO WOULD TAKE ME BACK? HOPE "THE BOSS" SAVED HIS RECEIPT!
I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP. I GOT WORK TA DO.
BZZZZZZAPP!
YEAAARGGGH!
WHAH-WHAT ARE YYY-YOU DDD-DOING?!
EXCUSE ME! LET ME OUT! PLEASE!

WHO IS THAT?
THAT'S YOU.
OR PART OF YOU. THOSE OTHER DEADPOOLS ARE YOU, TOO.
SEE, THE BOSS WANTED YOUR WHOLE PERSONALITY EXTINGUISHED...
TO LEAVE YOU NOTHING BUT A BORING SHELL.
UNAPPEALING TO A WOMAN WHO, APPARENTLY, YOU BOTH LOVE.
HAH! THERE'S MORE TO ME THAN JUST FOUR GEEKS AND A NERD!
I THINK.
BUT IF IT'S UNATTRACTIVE YOU WANT YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT GUY!
EEEK!
goo!
UGH! WRONG WAY.
SEE, WHO SAID I'M NOT IN TOUCH WITH MY FEMININE SIDE?
MRRROWW.
GOLLY.

Grah! Goo!
Uh... this must be my INNER CHILD...
...think we can SWAP the baby for another HOT CHICK?
I get NO RESPECT at all.
Send HIM back, too.
All right everybody FREEZE!
We got an army of angry SEVENTH GRADERS here, and we AIN'T afraid to use 'em!
What the hell is THIS? Who ARE these idiots?
Um, I think they're MY idiots.
Now STAND BACK, I'm going to summon "DEADPOOL WHO CRIES AT FOREIGN FILMS."
Weasel told us you were giving away free GAMEBOYS. I'm here to collect.
Ain't kids with guns just the CUTEST?

HUHN. [redacted] THOUGHT I'D BE HAPPY TO SEE YOU GUYS.
BLAAFF!F
THIS ENDS NOW, DEADPOOL!
HEY, I WASN'T DONE WITH THAT, THINGAMAJIGGIE!
SNA-TT-CHH!
YOU- YOU BROKE IT. THAT LOWLIFE BUM BROKE THE GEMINI STAR!
BUT TH-THAT M-MEANS...
BBBBZZZZZTTTTT

THAT E-EVVVVERYTHINGGG'S REVERSINGGGGG!
GAAHHHHH!!!
BUT MY SHAPELY FIGURE...!
YAHHHHHH!
THE ANSWER IS DONUTS!
NEED TACOS. NOW.
BEGONE, NE'ER-DO-WELLS!
I'LL BE BACK!
ONLY...
POW
...IN A REPRINT.
N-NO! AGGGHhhh!
SLLLORRRP
SO, BOYS AND GIRLS

...IF T-RAY ABSORBED ALL THE COMPONENTS OF MY PERSONALITY...
...THAT MEANS HE WAS NEVER "ME" IN THE FIRST PLACE.
I WAS ALWAYS THE REAL WADE WILSON. I KNEW IT.
gzkkkkk...
THUNK
BUT I WO[illegible]... WHO IS HE GONNA BE WHEN HE WAKES UP?
AND THE GEMINI STAR THING IS GONE...
SO WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHO T-RAY'S BOSS WAS.
AND WHY HE WANTED TO MESS WITH MY LIFE.
OR...
CHI-CHAK
WHO'S GONNA BUY US ALL GAMEBOYS?!

SO, WADE... IT DOESN'T BOTHER YOU THAT A GUY WITH ENOUGH POWER TO MAKE THE GEMINI STAR WAS AFTER YOU?
WEASEL, HE'S STILL AFTER ME.
HE JUST DOESN'T HAVE T-RAY ANYMORE.
FIFTEEN POINTS FOR THE GUY IN THE ARMANI SUIT.
Pttooiee!
Ptooie!
BOBO! WEASEL! ARE YOU FINE FELLOWS RAWING ON THE TOURISTS?!
ACTUALLY ON COMIC BOOK GEEKS.
WOW, DUKE~ YOU GUYS REALLY CLEANED UP.
NAH, I'M JUST RUNNING FOR MAYOR.
OH, SO YOU'LL BE JUST AS SLEAZY.
BUT I'LL DRESS BETTER.
EY, SCUZZY! WE GOT A DEAL, RIGHT?
YOU'RE GONNA SOBER UP SO YOU CAN STOP--
BLARRGH
NEVER MIND.

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE THROW UP PLAID.
A HUNDRED POINTS FOR THE GIRL SCOUTS.
BLAAR-RUF
HEY, SAILORS!
POPEYE?
IN DA FLESH! AND NOT MUCH MORE.
YA LIKE MY NEW FELLA?
OHMYGOD, T-RAY!
NO PICKLES?
GOTTA RUN, THOUGH. WE GOT A ROMANTIC RESERVATION AT DA CROSS BRONX MOTOR INN, FOR A WHOLE WEEK.
SMACK!
I GUESS ALLA THEM DEADPOOL VOICES IN HIS HEAD SHOOK UP HIS BRAINS OR SOMETHIN'.
FROM SOMEONE WHO KNOWS...?
OH, YEAH. IT'S DEFINITELY A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH.
FAR, FAR WORSE.

WELL, MUST BE GOING, GENTS! HAVE A CAMPAIGN TO PLAN.
SCUZZY'S MY SPOKESMAN.
BLAARRFF
OKAY, SO WE GOT A FEW THINGS TO WORK OUT...
Heh.
I'D VOTE FOR HIM.
DANG. I'M GONNA MISS THOSE BUMS.
ME, TOO... BUT ONE THING STILL BOTHERS ME.
THAT GEMINI STAR WAS COSMIC POWERED.
WHO DID YOU ANNOY THAT HAS COSMIC POWER?
Ahh, WEASEL, YOU WORRY TOO MUCH.
PTOOIE!
LEARN TO ENJOY LIFE...
...CUZ THE ALTERNATIVE STINKS.

I AM WATCHING YOU, DEADPOOL...
CUE THE ALTERNATIVE STINGS
... AND I DO NOT LIKE YOUR ATTITUDE.
THE WOMAN I LOVE SEEMS TO LOVE YOU.
YOU SEE, I HAVE BUILT A SHRINE TO HER.
SO I WILL NOT LET YOU DIE AND GET BETWEEN US.
NO, YOU WILL NEVER KNOW DEATH'S LOVING EMBRACE.
HEAR ME WELL, DEADPOOL...

... YOU WILL FIND THAT THERE IS A FATE *WORSE* THAN DEATH ...
... WHICH IS *NOT* BEING ABLE TO DIE!
CONSIDER YOURSELF *CURSED*, MY ADVERSARY.
CURSED WITH *LIFE*!
THE END?
BIG THANKS TO FRANK, GEORGES, BUDDY, JIM, JON, TOM AND ALL THOSE WHO HELPED OUT ON DEADPOOL OVER THE LAST FEW MONTHS! STAY TUNED FOR DEADPOOL'S NEW CREATIVE TEAM OF GAIL SIMONE AND UDON STUDIOS IN JUST TWO SHORT WEEKS!